

the
ER
146
v. 15
no. 2

Noiseless Spider

a literary magazine





THE NOISELESS SPIDER

Vol. XV No. 2Spring 1985

Statement of Editorial Policy

The editorial board of *The Noiseless Spider* agrees with Henry Miller that the pangs of birth relate not to the body but to the spirit. It was demanded of us to know love, experience union and communion, and thus achieve liberation from the wheel of life and death. But we have chosen to remain this side of Paradise and to create through art the illusory substance of our dreams. In a profound sense we are forever delaying the act. We flirt with destiny and lull ourselves to sleep with myth. We die in the throes of our own tragic legends, like spiders caught in our own web.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Adria M. DiBenedetto

J. Jay Guidone

and the

ENGLISH CLUB MEMBERS

Andrew Besso

Cathy A. Briggs

José Bscheider — Social Coordinator

Marlene Chaput

Boris Chernick

Adria M. DiBenedetto

J. Jay Guidone — Secretary

Debra Hamilton

Bill Labagnara

B.J. Levene

Tim McKittrick

Bob Nowak

Stephanie Pomazi

Lily Pujda

Julie Pummer

Felipe Sanchez — President

Anthony Santucci

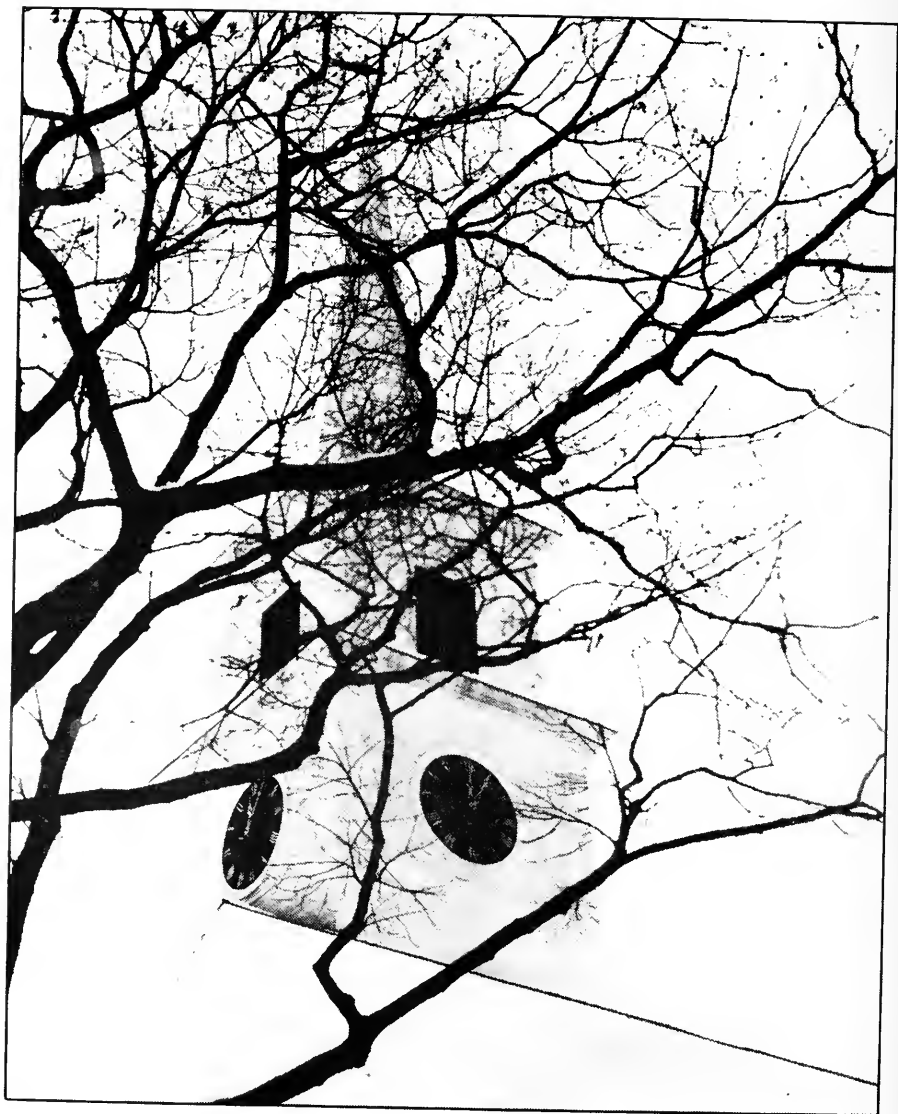
Philip E. Surato

Jennifer Jae Wolf — Treasurer

Bob Paglia — Faculty Advisor

Table of Contents

Photo	Debra Hamilton	1
Untitled	L. Landaeta	2
Catching a Piece of the Sun	Adria DiBenedetto	3
Beginning	B.J. Levene	5
To Us	J. Jay Guidone	10
Photo	Adria DiBenedetto	11
Carla — My Daughter	Marva Ja Jacob	12
A Flower	DG	13
The Other Side	J. Jay Guidone	14
"It's Not Too Late"	Cindy Bellin	14
Photo	Debra Hamilton	15
The Painter	J. Jay Guidone	16
Untitled	Susan B. Mackey	17
Take Your Sonnet	Bill Labagnara	21
Eating All the Fruit	J. Jay Guidone	22
Every Man's Dream	Timothy McKittrick	22
Photo	Debra Hamilton	23
Solitude	Marva Ja Jacob	24
To Catch a Falling Star	Adria DiBenedetto	25
Skipper Is Alone	Clarador Feldman	26
Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple	DG	27
Were They Really Friends?	J. Jay Guidone	29



— Debra Hamilton

*I am a man behind many masks.
I represent many things to many people.
To the young, I am all their experiences yet to come.
To the old, I am the teacher who gave them
All their knowledge and experience.*

*People love me, and people fear me.
I am remembered with happiness and sadness,
And no one knows what I will bring next.
I walk a steady path which takes me to a place
I am not sure of, and from a place of nothing special.
I walk on and on.*

*There are those who would have me slow my pace —
Those people who wish to stay happy forever.
Then there are those that would have me quicken my stride,
Or even run, if I could. They are the sad people
Who do not wish to stay that way for long.*

*They call me "Father," and even "Old Man."
But as yet, I am not really that old.*

*Who am I?
My name is Time.*

— Lawrence L. Landaeta

Catching a Piece of the Sun

*Catching a piece of the sun,
I offered it blindly to one
But he shook his head twice
And screamed it's a vice
To steal such a thing
Just for fun.*

*Inside me I snickered
And resolved not to bicker
The problem with stealing some sun
For I knew all the time
That it wasn't a crime
To share what I had with someone.*

*So I clutched it much tighter
Even though it turned brighter
And grew hot in the palm of my hand
And I went on my way
Determined this day
To find one, to whom this gift I could send.*

*One man by the beach
Seemed uncommonly sweet
As he asked what I held in my hand.
"It's some sun," replied I
With a wink of my eye
If I share it, would you like to be friends?*

*I needed a friend.
I did not pretend.
It had been a long time since I knew
What it was to be heard
And not thought absurd
This was something that seemed so untrue.*

*The man, he was old
But his eyes sparkled so
When he told me to let the sun go
If it wasn't inside
It'd be no use to belie
Someone into being a "friend."*

*The man later died,
He was right by my side
The few months he had left to his end.
Through him, I did know
What it was to share time
With one who was truly a Friend.*

— Adria DiBenedetto

Beginning

Right from the start I decided that it would be a grey morning. Not cloudy grey, or rainy grey, or chilly grey, although it was all of those. It would be grey 'cause I would colour it grey. My alarm went off and I banged it. Then I pounded my pillow many times, I lost count. Then I cursed and decided this was a grey day. And someone must be watching me, so I'd better act like it.

Went to my mother's room, and it was full of shadows. Shadows everywhere except for patches of light that moved until they caught you staring at them. Two shadows in bed, one of which (don't know the name of) woke the other. She spoke in a voice like Regan from the "Exorcist". Have you ever seen that movie? Anyway she spoke like a demon telling me to pack my bag 'cause I'd be staying overnight. I wanted to argue, wanted to fight back, but did you ever try arguing with a shadow? (I tried to remember how long my mother has been a shadow, but then I tripped going down the stairs and hurt my knee. It hurt so bad that I pounded the other one until they were almost even.)

On the ride to the powder building there was no colour. Everything was in shades of grey, except for the veins in her face. They were blue and bulging, and I could see them quite clearly. So after once or twice, I couldn't look at her face and instead I picked at my nail which would have turned red if it was in colour. I also looked out at the grey sky and people who are all very happy because they've never met a shadow.

She spoke and spoke. I can't remember what she said, only that I heard the word "advice" many times. She asked me questions, and I answered them all. But she couldn't hear me. I would think up an answer, but she couldn't hear me. After a while she stopped talking and I played my favorite Paul Weller song along in my head. I just got the new L.P. and it smells nice and there's this one song called "That's Entertainment" that's full of misery. Real misery like they have in England. Misery that's full of life, and you can really feel it 'cause it's all dirty and filthy. I can't feel my misery, at least that's what Steve says.

Then all of a sudden she yells and says what's that horrible sound I'm making? And I tell her I'm humming "That's Entertainment," and she says it sounds like a terrible buzzing noise with no melody in it at all and that I should shut up.

So I did 'cause it was time for the big turn anyway. The big turn comes just before the fence that surrounds the powder building, and as we went into it (the turn) I grabbed my door handle so I wouldn't slide across the seat and into her blue veins. But I let my

feet slide along the dirt and pebbles on the floor so it made that grinding sound that I know she hates.

In the parking lot of the powder building, I saw a big car with a bumper sticker with bright red letters that I knew would chase me around later on. The letters on the bumper sticker said: "Roses are red, violets are blue; I'm schizophrenic and so am I." I grabbed her by the arm, pointed to the sticker and said I would kill the man who owned that car. She told me not to talk like a crazy person and to straighten my collar. I did and thought about the bones of my left fist meshing with the bones in that man's nose.

Later on, I sat in my room, not the same one as last time although it's hard to tell 'cause they all look the same and they're all powder blue. I thought about the bumper sticker and how stupid it was for me to get mad about it 'cause it was all wrong anyway. I remembered what this guy Tom, who I used to be friends with when I was a five-days-a-week tenant of the puke building, told me. Tom used to cry a lot, almost every day, but he got moved out of the puke building long before me. They even sent him home for good behavior, although it didn't last long 'cause he killed himself. Well, at least that's what everyone says. Some people say he jumped off a building and other people say he shot his whole family and then himself. And a couple of people say he died in a car crash and it was an accident so he didn't kill himself. Old Willy says that Tom isn't even dead. Willy says he saw Tom on T.V. and now Tom is the president of Russia. I'm not sure who's right, but all I remember about Tom was he had really curly hair and he cried a lot. Anyway Tom once told me that he was absolutely sure that being schizophrenic and having a split personality are two totally different things. And Tom was real smart when he wasn't bawling, so he must be right. So I just sat with a smile on my face 'cause I knew that that stupid bumper sticker is all wrong and can't hurt anybody anyway. I laughed about it too for a while, then I got bored.

So I pressed my buzzer and told the voice on the other end to bring me my record player and L.P. I won't bring any of my L.P.'s from home to the powder building 'cause I'm afraid they'll get scratched or stolen. Crazies are always stealing things here. Anyway they don't have a record collection here, only this one Partridge Family record that I found in the fun room. There's not even any record player in the fun room. So I asked smelly fat Herb, the janitor, why that record was lying around even though there was no way to play it. He said it was 'cause the colour of the package matched the walls. He's always saying bloody funny stuff like that

unless he's raping one of the female tenants. He calls it servicing, but I doubt if any of them appreciate it. I keep hoping he'll get caught 'cause he calls me a "loon" sometimes.

Anyway, the record is called "Up to Date," and the jacket is the same powder blue as the walls. The faces on the jacket are all scribbled on with moustaches and glasses and stuff and there's even crayon lines on the L.P. But it still plays pretty well, especially after you get used to the crackling noises. Steve got me this cheap record player to play it on, and I listen to it all the time I'm here. I like all the songs, especially the first two 'cause I remember that they used to play those same two songs over a big loud speaker endlessly at this summer camp I used to go to when I was a kid. Boot Camp I used to call it. All I can remember about the place now is there were fields of soft green grass and those two songs that they used to play every day at assembly.

So a guy in a powder, short-sleeved shirt brought me the L.P. and the record player, and I recognized him as the guy who had carried my bag up to my room, and I remembered how he had stared at me as I kissed her cheek goodbye. I remembered how I looked past her over at him and suddenly the grey man with the powder short-sleeved shirt had red burning eyes that could see right into me, and he knew how much I hated her. And I knew he would tell everyone and it would probably get back to Steve. So I shouted at him to leave me alone! Only not out loud, so he went away. But now he was back handing me my L.P. and asking if he should plug in the player. I told him no and to go away, so he did. I listened to the whole L.P. twice while I paced back and forth, singing along or looking at my Hockey Digest. I was ready to listen for a third time when Steve showed up at the door.

He said it was interview time which made me grin 'cause I was kinda into it today. So I followed him down the hall to his office which I also call the warm room. Steve is the guy I usually have interviews with although sometimes I get Barry. But I don't like to look at Barry's pink face or his pink, shiny head, and I don't like his pudgy fingers that hold his pudgy pipe. Barry sweats and only holds interviews 'cause they pay him. Old Barry has a job to do and he's gonna do it. But only if they pay him lots of money. I like to act like a real sharpie when I'm with Barry. Like once he asked me if I believed in the afterlife. I said I wasn't sure but planned to take a change of underwear just in case. After I said that, Barry's round body turned into a balloon and he laughed his way right up to the ceiling. What a phoney!

Steve isn't a phoney, though! He's the most real person I've ever met. That's cause he's a hippy probably. He keeps saying that he's not but he sure looks like one. He has a beard and a pony-tail and, get this, Bell Bottom Jeans. I keep showing him pictures of Paul Weller so he'll know how to dress cool, but he says the way a person dresses doesn't matter. Anyway Steve is always telling me that he loves me and that he's gonna stick with me till I'm o.k. He cries sometimes and says someday I'll cry too and I'll feel good and awful, at the same time. Well something like that. Everytime he starts talking like that I have to bite my tongue to keep from laughing. But I do like Steve and I believe a lot of the things he tells me. He doesn't always tell the truth, but who does? I try to do all the things Steve tells me to do but sometimes the lead in my stomach gets too heavy and my mouth gets so dry. So I don't and I lie to Steve and tell him I've done it, like when he asks me to be truthful to shadows. Everyone knows shadows can't hear anyway.

I was into having an interview 'cause I'd decided to tell Steve all about Andy. Andy is a girl, believe it or not, and I know her name is Andy 'cause it's sewed in white stitches on the powder dress they always make her wear. She has long blonde hair that is always stringy and knotted up. She has green eyes that never seem to look at anything but that's wrong 'cause if she never looked at anything she'd keep bumping into walls and chairs and stuff. She also has this long green coat that she wears in the yard outside my window and that's why I'm in love with her. The coat looks so beautiful on her and she wears the collar up, which I think looks really punk. Paul Weller would totally approve.

Anyway, I saw her a hundred times maybe before I decided to talk to her. Then one day I saw her standing alone in the fun room but I couldn't just walk over and say something because I felt that lead in my stomach and that rope around my throat. And then the lead in my stomach was like a crab that reached its claws up to my shoulders and made them heavy too. And my heart was in my ears and my hands and knees were shaking although I'm not sure about that since they were too far away from my eyes to see them very well. But I went over and started to talk to her. The crab and the haze come every time I talk to a girl I love. But since I love them I have to talk to them at least. So I told Andy my name and talked about how I liked her coat and I even got talking about Paul Weller. All with this big grin on my face to cover up how scared I was, but I know my face was red 'cause when I touched it I burned my finger bad. But after a while I had to stop 'cause she wasn't saying any-

thing. She only shook her head a couple of times and kept putting one foot on top of the other. So I knew she wanted me to leave her alone 'cause why would she want to talk to someone as ugly as me anyway. So I walked away as this big space opened up where the crab used to be and I noticed I had dug little lines of running red into my palms with my finger nails, although it didn't hurt. And I still loved her although she didn't love me. But the good part was she hadn't laughed at me at all. All the others have, and you'd be surprised how hard it is to love someone who laughs at you so loud that you have to put your fingers in your ears. So even though Andy didn't love me I knew she was nice 'cause she didn't laugh.

I told this whole story to Steve who had the same old tears in his eyes which made the warm room even warmer and made me dig my thumb into my leg to keep from smiling. He didn't give me a lot of advice like he usually does but instead he told me a lie. Like I said before even Steve lies sometimes. He said that Andy can't talk. He said she's been spending almost every day for five years in the powder building and she hasn't said one word. Something to do with her dad doing stuff when he got drunk when she was a little kid. It doesn't matter 'cause Steve made the whole thing up to make me feel better. Then I pulled out a scrap of paper with a song about Andy written on it. The song is called "She'd Rather Have the Rain" and it's on the "Up to Date" L.P. I told Steve he could keep it since I had the words all memorized. He read it and got all teary.

Later I was lying in my bed with nothing but the colours of my imagination in front of all the blackness. And I thought for a second that what if Steve was telling the truth? If Andy really couldn't talk, and guys like Steve and Old Barry have spent years trying to get her to talk, then she'd never be able to talk to a clown like me. But I didn't believe Steve anyway. Then all at once I pounded my fists into the hard mattress and clicked my teeth together 'cause I could feel my eyes getting all wet.

— B.J. Levene

To Us

*I badgered I bothered
I often betrayed.
My moods of compassion
changed with the day.
I guess I'm a snake
that usually bites,
But now I've been bitten
It doesn't seem right.
Others have suffered
more often than I.
Now it's my turn to hurt
A tear fills my eye.
We've got to break out
and blossom once more.
If contact persists,
We'll both feel sore.
I hate to just go off
and never come back,
But it's the best thing for us.
You already know that.
Well I'll see you around
I hope that I don't.
There'll be trouble for us,
for us there's no hope.*

— J. Jay Guidone



Carla — My Daughter

*Each time I look into her face, I see
My own reflection gazing back at me.
I pause — and watch awhile and catch my breath
And tell myself this could not be. And yet . . .*

*Each blink of eye and knowing shake of head,
The waving hands that augment words once said,
The stamping feet when anger shakes her frame,
The sound of music when I say her name*

*Remind me, in a way, of my own youth:
Carefree, careless, innocent, seeking truth.
The pearls of wisdom dropping from her mouth,
The questions asked, the strongest heart will rout.*

*To her the world is only black and white.
For things of honor she'll put up a fight,
Defend her peers with all her might and main,
A conquering sword in hand, the world to gain.*

*I was like that too, full of bright illusions
Until the world and all its rude intrusions
Seeped into my consciousness and I realized
I looked at life with very childish eyes.*

*I wonder if the wisdom of this sage
Will disappear through pressures caused by age.
The world no longer black and white will be
But shades of grey discerning eyes will see.*

— Marva Ja Jacob

The Other Side

*I've often thought of the otherside,
They could be truths or maybe lies.
If truths prevail in the end,
I know one day I will ascend.
In a world of worshippers it's hard
to stray.
I can't believe all they say.
If truths prove false in the last
I'll wish time longer of the past.
Who's to say what's after this.
I for one see eternal bliss.
Maybe I'm wrong or off the track.
I'm sure you'll find out when
you don't come back.*

— J. Jay Guidone

A Flower

*Struggling to push free of the earth
but unable to live without it*

*Reaching for the sun it adores
but can never have*

*Strong and beautiful
but easily crushed*

*Attracting the attention and admiration of many
but the devotion and love of none*

*True freedom can only come once picked
but the pleasure soon passes
as the flower begins to wilt and die*

— DG

“It’s Not Too Late”

*It’s only now
I regret my past
Not that it hurt,
but it went too fast.*

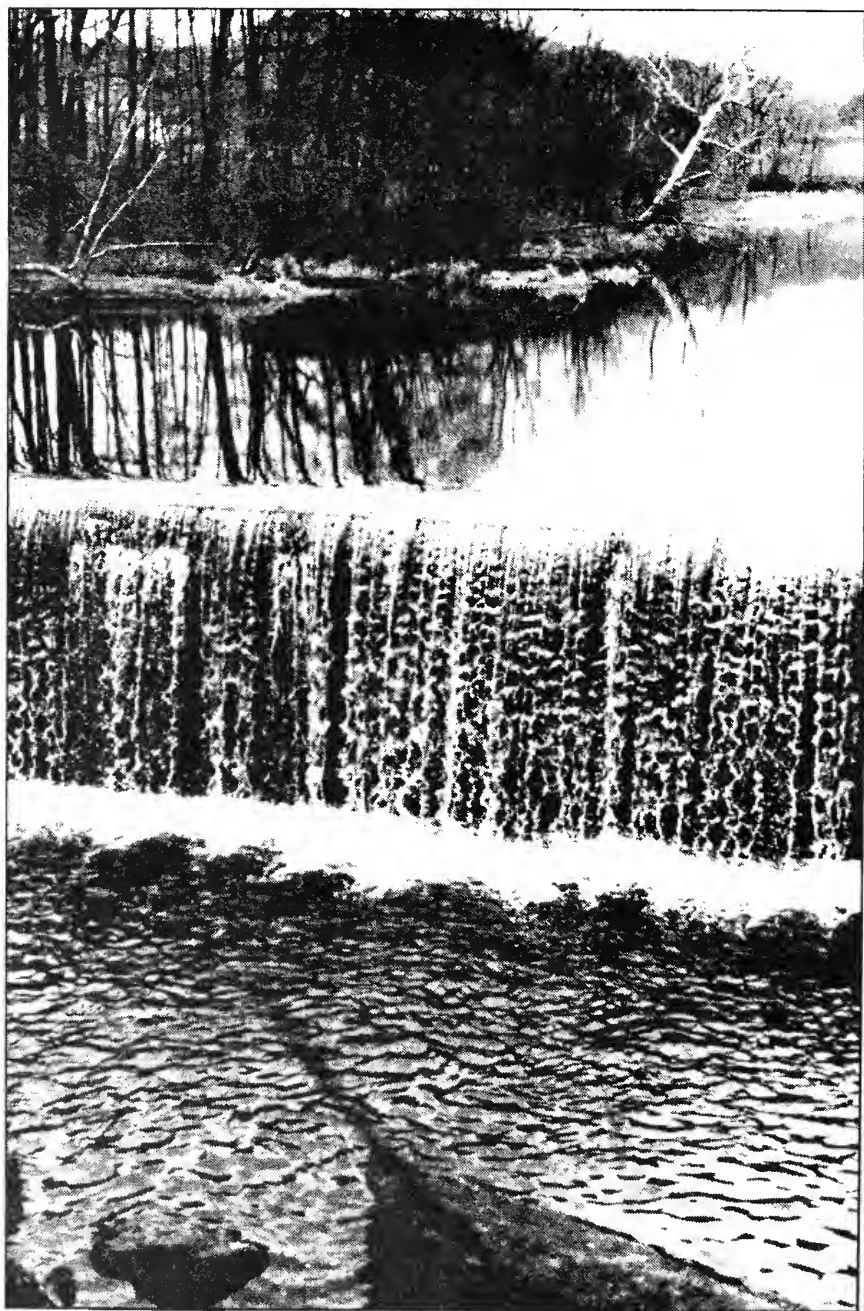
*I never enjoyed
the things that were small
I never enjoyed
life at all.*

*I never stopped to smell a rose
or count the flakes
as it snowed . . .*

*. . . To feel the sun,
to hug a child
to watch the grass
as it blew wild.*

*It’s not too late
I’m not sure how,
but I will try to
do them now.*

— Cindy Bellin



— Debra Hamilton

The Painter

*A rusty red bell buoy
sounds in the distance.
Amidst are the quiet recedings of
waves running back to the ocean.
They leave behind a white foaming froth
that exists for a moment
then dissipates.
Hovering weightless above the blue water
as if on puppet strings,
lies a snow white sea gull.
Overhead soar puffed cotton clouds
that fracture the sun beams
which lead to the beach.
Among the sands rubble lie countless
carcasses of tiny creatures
which once teamed on the soft
ocean bed of life.
An old sea-withered man
with a pipe in his left hand
and a brush in his right,
Sits on a rickety stool implanted
in the red sand.
His easel aimlessly supporting
his canvas.
He casually transforms the serene
beauty that surrounds him
For it is he, alone with nature,
But not alone — unaware,
Unaware that he is now part
of the picture he paints.*

— J. Jay Guidone

Less than average looking female, looking for same male. Interested in inferior social/physical relations, no interesting hobbies, ersatz appreciation a must, non-status please. Photogenic people need not apply. P.O. Box 201, S.D., CA 92122.

Why was she writing this? It was true that the ad was free, but was she really serious about a response? What kind of a person would actually respond to such an inquiry? The thought of actually getting a response was something more than she could handle. I'm probably writing this just because I'm feeling very anti-establishment today, she thought. Still, she sent it in to the paper.

The next week "The Reader" ran it, and no one replied.

The next week she repeated the ad for amusement? Leafing through the paper to see if it had been run again, her eye was caught;

Less-than-average-looking-male. May have possibly found counterpart? lack wit, imagination, and general appeal. iconoclastic tendencies. overly cautious for more info.

Well of course she would have to respond to his inquiries. It was part of the game, right? Having left no P.O. box, her reply to him would have to go back to the paper. She replied;

Greetings L.T.A.L. Male. tiring of idiomatic verbiage. Am interested, perhaps private correspondence possibilities. P.O. Box 201, S.D., CA 92122.

The next week she received the letter. In a hesitant mood, she thought of filing it away, to be read at some very future date when it would be inconsequential to personal life.

This she did, but relented over the weekend. And so she read;

"Each man's life represents a road toward himself . . . we all share the same origin, our mothers, all of us come in at the same door. But each of us — experiments of the depths — strive towards his own destiny. We can understand each other, but each of us is able to interpret himself to himself alone."

H. Hesse

So what do you think?

She replied;

Sounds so metaphysical. But what of the physical? I am hungry, I eat. I am tired, I sleep. Life is also a great deal of substance. Possibly a reply?

It came, and she read;

Certainly. Let's have some luscious sex. All day. Is Saturday good for you? I have a tight schedule for the rest of the week.

The letter gave a number where he could be reached. She called.

"Hi, this is your personal column correspondant," she said.

"Oh great, could you hold on a minute, the water's boiling."

She waited.

"Making some coffee," came his reply. "I guess you got my last note, the one about the luscious sex?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I didn't mean to sound too crazy, well maybe actually I did, well really that's just the way I sound most of the time. We could always have coffee instead of sex if you prefer. It doesn't really make that big of a difference, well actually it might. I mean there usually is some difference between the two, between drinking coffee and having sex I mean, but it wouldn't be such a drastic difference, it depends on how you thought about it."

She thought about it.

And taking her time, it seemed that with some thought there really wasn't such a drastic difference between the two. Of course that depended on how good the coffee was, and with whom you were having the sex. She laughed.

"We could do both," she replied.

"Oh great. Do you like poetry? e.e. cummings maybe or William Carlos Williams? I'm taking a class in 20th century poets, maybe I'll bring some poetry to read."

"Sounds great, do you like Greek food? I make a wonderful Spanikopita, I even make the phyllo myself. Maybe I could bring some?"

"Extraordinary," he replied. "Love to get the recipe. How's this sound for an itinerary: we'll drink coffee, read poetry, make love, read some more poetry, eat Spanikopita, and then I will play my flute. If that's o.k.? Or I could play my flute first, and then we could have coffee or sex later. It doesn't really matter which."

"Great. Hey, do you understand Marx and Hegel's theories of the forces of production? I've got to read it for a Soc. class and it's giving me trouble."

"Oh sure," he said.

"Great, I'll bring a copy of *Capital* along, and if we have time maybe you could explain some of it to me."

"Oh sure. Say listen, I've gotta go walk my dog, so how about if we meet at the Kosher deli on the corner of Herschal and Girard?"

"What time?"

"7:15 A.M. Saturday, o.k.?"

"Sure, hey listen I don't even know your name?" she said.

"Oh, that's right, we didn't exchange names did we. Well I will wear a red tie and a hat, and you wear a red sweater or sneakers or something. Is red alright, I wouldn't want anyone to think us too garish at 7:15 in the morning?" He laughed.

She laughed. Red would be fine, as long as she could accent it with olive highlights. It was all arranged.

He was sitting at the corner booth with a copy of *The Entertainer* open on the table, and with a copy of *The Reader* on his lap.

"Oh hey," he said as he looked up and saw her. "It must be coffee time." He whispered, "We could have the sex first if you prefer, but it might be easier to have the coffee here and make love somewhere else." He laughed. His laugh was so light and easy that she liked him at once.

She slid into the booth. "Coffee's great," she said.

They drank slowly, a number of cups, and talked of everything.

"Lucky," he thought.

"Charming," she thought.

"Hey let's go," he said. And they went to find a place to discuss Marx, and read poetry, and drink wine (he had brought a bottle), and make love, or eat Spanikopita, and play flute, or drink more coffee and make more love. It didn't matter which.

— Susan B. Mackey

Take Your Sonnet

*Take your Sonnet
And sit on it
As far as I'm concerned!
Your pantameters
And shmantameters
May just as well be burned.*

*Don't waste my time
With rhythm and rhyme
'Cause it was written long ago.
There's enough rhyming
With rhythm and timing
Playing on the radio.*

*Who cares about
Figuring it out
To learn about the Poet.
Don't ask me why
Or about the "i"
Go ask the one who wrote it!*

— Bill Labagnara

Eating All The Fruit

*Crazy dreams of fame haunt our thoughts,
But what we want is not what's taught.
To waste one's life behind a desk,
Is not for me; I want the best.
Excitement breeds tiny monsters in the brain;
Without these creatures life is plain.
Death and sex and wild times,
Are the pieces that fit the party shrine.
When my time is out and all things end,
I only hope I have my friends.
If all the fruits I did not taste,
Then life for me will have been a waste.*

— J. Jay Guidone

Every Man's Dream

*Every man, both near and far,
Claims to have some wild ambition.
It could be discovering a new star,
Or performing a famous rendition.*

*But each man's dream,
Takes effort and skill,
Or so it might seem
Through all of one's will.*

*Some men's dreams
Can be bought and traded.
While other's dreams,
Are fought for or persuaded.*

*But every man's dream,
Which is to control time,
Is one of the hardest dreams
For anyone to find.*

*Time is a priceless element in life,
That no man rich or poor may buy.
But dreams are free in this great strife.
So let's dream on from time to time.*

— Timothy McKittrick



— Debra Hamilton

Solitude

*Whenever I have time all to myself,
I reach into my very private shelf
Of treasured thoughts and precious memories.
I choose the one I think I like the best,
And then I separate it from the rest
And dwell on it as long as I am pleased.*

*I think about the days when I was young
When growing up just seemed to take so long,
But how much fun I had along the way,
I think about the playmates that I had,
How sometimes we were good and sometimes bad,
And all the funny things we used to say.*

*And in that calming solitude I find
Relief from troubles that upset my mind
And peace that would enfold my soul within —
Until I hear the knocking at my door
And open it to find that just once more
The cold world waits to enter. "Do come in."*

— Marva Ja Jacob

To Catch a Falling Star

*Catch a falling star, she cried
Catch a falling star.
It will not fall for long, my friend
For soon it will be far*

*Away from you and me, indeed
Away from you and me
To finally lodge itself within
The heart of one set free.*

*But why, asked I, must stars fall fast
So fast, I cannot catch
The shimmer, shammer, tin-foil glamour
That make them luminesce.*

*My old friend's eyes, grew wide and bright
One thought, they did reveal
That life has many, many stars
Which we would like to steal*

*But you cannot tie them down, she said.
Their nature is to move
So mankind will not die from having
Nothing left to prove.*

— Adria DiBenedetto

Skipper is Alone

*It's time — you are leaving
I sit — drawn within myself
So quiet — my eyes grow large,
my mouth is tight.*

*Alone, no words, no touch, no laughter
at my silliness.*

*Maybe the sun will shine in my window.
Maybe I'll feel the warmth of its beams,
lulling me to sleep.
Yes, I'll sleep away the day,
'til you come again.*

*We'll run along the sand.
I'll chase the gulls.
You'll laugh.*

*Delicious quiet evening —
My head in your lap —
Your hand scratching my ear*

*Lonely day forgotten.
My Master's home.*

— Clarador Feldman

Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, Purple . . .

*I was a spectrum
Full of many colors
One day a robin came to me
And asked if I would give her
my red for her lovely feathers
It seemed like a small price to
pay for such a beautiful bird
So I gladly gave the robin my red*

*The next day the sun came to me
Shining so bright and strong
And asked if I could give up
my orange and yellow so
she could shine even brighter
I know the sun would never ask
me to give up so much
unless it was necessary
So I proudly gave the sun my orange and yellow*

*A tree came to me the following day
And asked if I would share my green
I was amazed that a tall, sturdy
pine would need my little bit of green
"The stronger I am, the longer I'll
live" said the tree
I couldn't imagine a world without trees
So I gave the pine my green*

*Then the sky came to me
My blue would be so nice
to have she said
What good will my sprinkle of blue be to
an enormous sky?
But I was reminded of how much
pleasure every little bit
of blue sky brings
So I gave the sky my blue*

*Today I found a flower,
The most beautiful and delicate
flower ever imagined
But the flower said she was ugly
and to be truly beautiful
she would need my purple
So I gave the flower my purple*

*My colors are gone now
and I am empty
I gave everything to those
who already had so much
Why couldn't they share their colors with me?*

I was a spectrum . . .

— DG

Were They Really Friends?

*The doors of summer have shut
locking out the warmth
that others have shared with you.
Friends close have departed
once again.
You've shared a lot,
closed the gap —
only to be opened by time.
Memories are tucked away
they'll surface —
but at a much later date.
A friendship you thought was endless
has reached its final stage.
I'll write, call, come visit.
Does whatever said become reality.
Those people have moved on
as have you —
onto the future.
Friends will meet again
but this time
as strangers.*

— J. Jay Guidone

*A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it
stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast
surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament,
filament, out of itself
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly
speeding them.
And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless
oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing
seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd,
till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling
catch somewhere, O my soul.*

Walt Whitman